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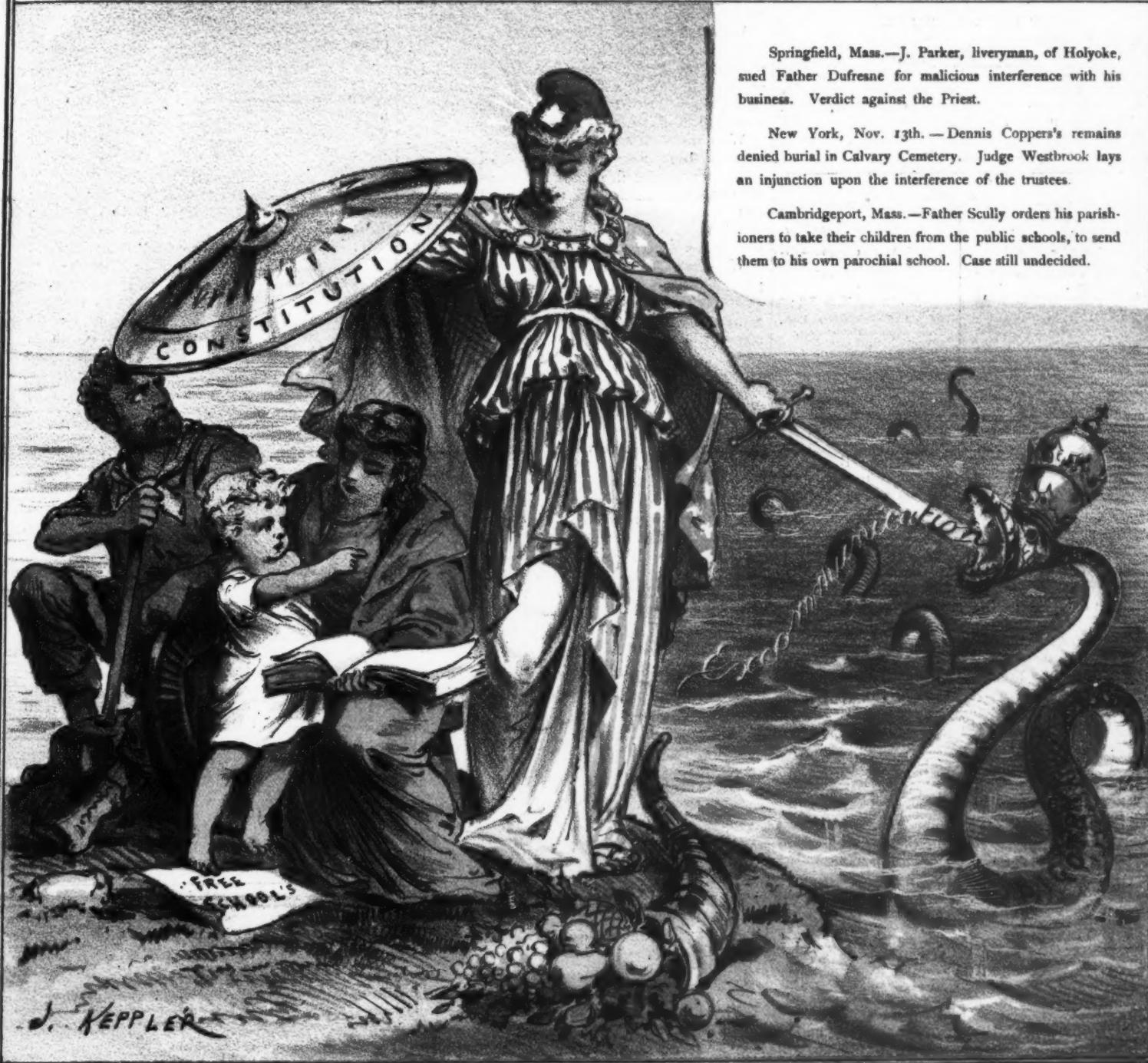


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Springfield, Mass.—J. Parker, liveryman, of Holyoke, sued Father Dufresne for malicious interference with his business. Verdict against the Priest.

New York, Nov. 13th.—Dennis Coppers's remains denied burial in Calvary Cemetery. Judge Westbrook lays an injunction upon the interference of the trustees.

Cambridgeport, Mass.—Father Scully orders his parishioners to take their children from the public schools, to send them to his own parochial school. Case still undecided.

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PUCK'S ANNUAL
FOR
1880

has already caused the Presidential issue to become of
secondary interest.

PUCK'S ANNUAL.
will be fired upon an expectant world on or about

December 1st.

The stories, poems and articles, are all new and ori-
ginal, and have already received the highest encomiums
from their authors and other gifted individuals.

As for the pictures, by PUCK's artistic staff, they must
be seen to be believed in. The price
will be 25 cents currency.

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POLITICS AND LIQUOR.

PTHE constitution of our new Board of Alderman, according to the quantitative analysis of our E. C. the *World*, is illustrated on our last page. It will there be seen that while several of the homelier, yet more creditable crafts are represented in the assemblage of the city fathers, the majority of that body is composed of men of twin trades—publicans and publicists—if by that latter title we may designate the gentlemen whose diamond studs glimmer in the southern sun on the City Hall portico—gentlemen whose contributions to the literature of diplomacy and political economy are generally limited to more or less legible signatures on more or less legitimate vouchers for services rendered, or at least to be paid for by the City.

The reflective man—if he is not, like the gentle reader, a mere complimentary myth—must find something to stir up the gray matter of his brain in the suggestive symbolism of our final cartoon. Politicians we must have—that is, we cannot be well governed, or governed at all, indeed, without the existence of men who will systematically devote their energies and their intellects to the study of the principles of statecraft. Liquor dealers are also a necessity to bibulous and civilized man—or at least, civilized man thinks so; and it is a clear certainty that the highly-wrought nervous system of the nineteenth century will have its cocktail in the morning and its champagne at night, to say

nothing of lager-beer in the interval. This may or may not be wrong, it is beyond doubt a fact not to be got over or fibbed about, and all sensible people have long since seen that the only way to avoid the evils that follow in its train is to give the drinker self-respect by making drinking respectable. Thus, gradually, day by day, Drink is getting to be a good servant of society in our parlors and our dining-rooms, and retains its bad masterhood over humanity only where, in low and unlawful haunts, it ministers to a secret and shameful appetite.

No, we are not going off into a temperance lecture. This diversion is made only to call attention to the fact that Drink is in a fair way to becoming decent, and that we hate to see it losing its healthy repute by allying itself with politicians. The City Hall statesman and the Sample Room bartender form a miserable co-partnership. Neither one does the other any good.

The Politician gets drunk, and the Bartender becomes disreputable. The city is ill-governed, and men take "nips on the sly" until they nip themselves into confirmed inebriety.

There are, of course, other links in this chain of argument; but the reflective man may reflect them out for himself. He can't deny our premises, and he can't deny our conclusions, and we don't care what he does intermediately.

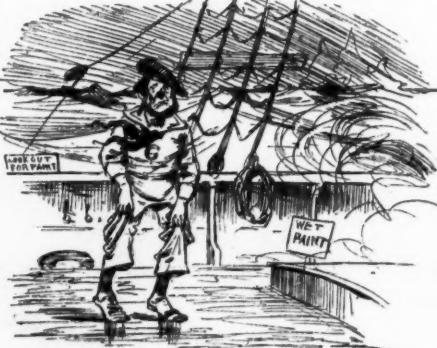
We don't wish to be understood as taking exception to the new Board of Aldermen, because we are afraid its six politicians will go off with its seven liquor dealers and get muzzy and neglect the affairs of the city. We don't really suppose they will, and we don't care if they do.

We are merely shedding a small tear of sadness and blushing a small blush of shame over the painful significance of the association. The spectacle reminds us that our politics, city, state and national, seem unable to rise above the bar-room level, while the presence of the politicians has always kept that level a low one.

We don't like to be finical, and we make no pretensions to being supersensitive in matters of public propriety. Yet we feel called upon to remark that we can conceive of a system of state-craft not founded upon gin-and-water, and we should enjoy our Château Lafitte or our Chambertin much more did we not feel that the generous grape-juice forms also a component part—usually a very small part—of that distillation known as Cognac, whence springs the inspiration of our local diplomacy.

Yes, we think it would be better for both parties if divorce were decreed between Liquor and Politics. Both might be the purer for it: neither has ever gained any lustre from the association. Yet we see little hope of such an event. We don't want to be unpleasant, or discouraging; but it seems to us that the bartender and the gentleman on the dead loaf, otherwise known as the "rooster," have substituted themselves permanently for the original Jeffersonian ideal of republican government.

IN THESE DEGENERATE DAYS.



"'Ere's a go. Hexpectin' of hus to look hout for nicebergs an' the decks hall covered with wet paint! Blast their bloomin' heyes."

Puckerings.

A noveltea—Georgia Hyson.

THE poorer the tea, the better the chromo.

IN Calcutta they stretch out whist into India rubbers.

THE captain of the "Jeannette" must be a bad man to play cards with. He sports a cold deck.

WHEN the angels play poker, they count the little aurora borealis as equivalents of a bobaill flush.

MORE boys fell off chestnut-trees this fall than for several years past. Probably because this is an "off" year.

WE defer our report of the opening of the Seventh Regiment Fair. Mr. Evarts is only rounding off his first sentence as we go to press.

As for the average man, his days may be as grass; but the statement does not apply to a three-months volunteer veteran of the late war, in receipt of a government pension.

THE world did not end on Friday, as announced by the Second Adventists, but concluded to wait for PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1880, which will be published about December 1st.

MR. COURTNEY has written an article in the *Fortnightly Review* on the "British Museum Library." It is not our Mr. Courtney, by the way. His article would be on "Conchology."

BEFORE Hanlan and Courtney have that race in Washington, we should like to know the politics of the Umpirical Commission, to decide which is the winner. Is the majority Hanlanic or Courtneycratic?

MR. R. CONKLING, the person who thinks his vest-pocket contains the State of New York, ought to put up Captain Williams as his candidate for Senator. The Captain would be convenient in case of future Canonchetteries.

MR. HAYES, it is of no use to pretend that you have a cold. You may drink gruel, or "stewed quaker," or put your feet in hot water; but Mrs. H. will make you understand that it is only worldly-minded people who cure colds with Hot-Scotches, she will, your excellency.

WE rarely go out of our way to be pleasant to strangers, but we must say that the technical skill which the State returning board statisticians have shown in adding fifteen per cent to every republican majority ought to make them valuable men at the next presidential election.

THE weather has been so uncertain during the last week that it really would have been rather a relief if the end of the world had come on Friday, as the Second Adventists said it would, for then we should have known that we might leave our overcoat at home without the slightest fear of needing it later.

NOTICE.

Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 37, 48, and 84 of PUCK will be bought at this office, No. 21 & 23 Warren St, at **10 CENTS** per copy; and Numbers 9, 14, 26, 53, 56 and 58 at **25 CENTS** per copy.

In sending copies by mail please roll lengthwise.

A DANGER.

"**I** WILL protect you!" cries that embodiment of abstract law and justice which we call the Nation, as she holds the shield of safety over certain poor souls whom that "scrooging" and uneasy institution, the Roman Catholic Church has undertaken to shut out from the benefits guaranteed by the constitution of the United States.

But, will she? That is the question that very many good, honest, intelligent, yet fearful souls are asking. Mr. Parker, of Holyoke, Mass.; has got his judgment for \$4,000 against the priest who cursed his carriages and banned his buggies; and Mr. Dennis Coppers—late of this world, and now, according to the doctrines of the Very Rev. Vicar-General, permanently settled in Sulphurdom—Mr. Dennis Coppers is, so to speak, taken off the table and ordered to be buried in his own lot. But Father Scully, of Cambridgeport, Mass., is still unchecked in his active opposition to the public schools, and, even if some statute can be stretched to squelch him, have we not to fear other future assertions, in various forms, of that pretty little plank in St. Peter's platform which proclaims, not that the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; but that Leo the Thirteenth has a first-mortgage on all earthly things, including the glorious land of Freedom?

Do we not still stand in danger, if not of mere occasional manifestations of insolent interference, perhaps of more insidious attempts against our national liberty? Is it not quite within the bounds of possibility that a church which has always showed a most unhealthy hungering after things temporal and material should seek to possess itself of a rich young nation, with what is, in the eyes of the outside world, but a half-organized government? It is a church which has *owned*—yes, owned and kept—nations before our day. Is its craving for power quite extinct? Have our wealth, our glorious possibilities, our well-proven energy and faith no temptation for its palate?

What instruments they would be in rebuilding her crumbling grandeur, this strange old church! What a garment might she not weave for herself of the wool shorn from her flock if we were but lambs in her fold!

To speak without further metaphorical gymnastics, what could not the Roman Catholic Church do with America, if she had America? And isn't it rather likely that she will try to get America?

To which question we respond:

There is nothing she couldn't do with such a possession. But we think it extremely unlikely that she will try it on.

A lion can carry as much weight as a horse. He is quite as handsome, as intelligent, and much more vivacious. Yet you never see lions hauling drags, or "tooling" along in the shafts of swell dog-carts. Why? Because it is not healthy to put the lion to such uses. That is, it is healthy enough for the lion; but it is wonderfully unwholesome for the other party.

That is a figurative, but direct reply to the tender spirits who are worrying themselves with this interrogatory. To attempt to utilize a lion is an unprofitable investment of time and industry. The lion is a good animal to leave alone.

That "resumes" the situation.

The Roman Catholic Church has certain peculiarities which make it unusually objectionable to its neighbors. It *will* grab. It is not content with the full exercise of its rights, and it *will* go in for those of other people. These things cannot be denied, and perhaps the Church in question doesn't care to deny them. We understand, indeed, from some study of its tenets, that this tendency to encroach upon adjacent backyards is quite con-

scious—in fact, cherished and cultivated as something praiseworthy and proper. The Church holds itself divinely commissioned to reach out for all the desirable things of this world, whether or no the possessors of said desirable things recognize its authority.

All this is unquestionably true—and unquestionably disagreeable.

But then, besides this, the R. C. C. has another characteristic which may be coarsely defined as "horse sense." The Roman Catholic Church is not, as Mr. Artemus Ward would have said, a durn fool. It will not bite its own nose off, to spite its neighbor's face.

For well enough it has learnt by this time, that to live in this Union, people must be united. The majority of us went to great pains and expense to prove this to a recalcitrant minority some years ago, and the lesson has probably not been lost on a great and wise church.

These are not the days when sackclothed kings shiver in penance before the gates of Rome. A vast republicanism of thought and feeling is leveling all things in this world. It is not the phantom of divine right that keeps the despot on his throne. It is the purely material aid of whip and rope and prison—aid that may fail at any moment and reduce monarchy to plain and simple citizenship. The oldest of Christian Churches must—and it knows it must—conform its ambitions and aspirations to the changed order of things.

If you want to sit upon the bench of nations nowadays, you must sit quiet and not "scrooge" your neighbor. This is a nineteenth century aphorism that is getting to be generally understood.

The same spirit rules in this country. All religions are welcome to our feast of corn and oil; but no one must snatch another's ration. And we hardly think that anyone will.

Our worrisome Roman friend may now and then make a sly effort to capture a chicken-wing that is not his own, or may try to put pepper in the next man's ice-cream; but we don't expect to see any more serious improprieties on his part.

And if he should take it into his head to be "real bad," there is an awful goddess of Averaging Justice who will rise up in her untrammelled might and make him very sorry that he did it.

DADDY'S DEVICE.



It was all explained to Mrs. Bowen when she returned. Mr. Bowen had important letters to write, and the baby wouldn't keep quiet, so he utilized an old hat and hung baby out the window.

THE MEDICINE-MAN.

MAN is essentially a gregarious animal. In a civilized state he can't get along at all without the assistance of his fellow, and the more civilized he becomes, the more fellows there are ready to serve him.

Every man, as a rule, has his own lawyer, his doctor, his undertaker, and occasionally his clergyman—although this last profession in many instances is dispensed with.

This same Doctor often brings us into the world, and quite as often sends us out of it prematurely.

He is a useful man in his way, when he is properly and liberally trained and has an intelligent conception of his mission apart from its mere mercenary aspect.

Naturally, as in every other profession, there is a scramble for its prizes, and the public is the sufferer because it cannot discriminate between honest medical men and quacks.

But the man who has to choose his system of medicine in the same manner as his system of religion is in an awkward predicament, and is as likely as not to submit himself to the tender mercies of a first-class quack.

As a rule, you profess a religion or belong to a church because your father did the same thing before you, and you allow yourself to be doctored and dosed on the same principle.

But what is to be done when the time arrives when confidence is lacking in the time-honored treatment, and it is about time that one was off with the old style and on with the new?

And what a number of new styles there are, too. The mastodons drygoods-store hasn't a greater variety of fashions at its fall opening.

You can go in for hydropathy, eat and drink hot and cold water, and sleep in them every night; or for Gil Blas's Dr. Sangrado's system, which consists of blood-letting and hot water.

Then there is the homœopathic method, founded by a worthy gentleman of the name of Hahnemann and confounded by many of his followers. It is a capital system for those who are not fond of physic, and who believe that a grain of strychnine dropped into the Atlantic Ocean would, under certain conditions, poison anybody who might happen to swallow a spoonful of the Pacific.

Then we have the Eclectic school, which may safely be counted on as utilizing the wildest and newest theories—the wilder the better. The Professor of Medical Eclecticism usually goes in for mild cases, where there is not always danger of his doing harm and an excellent chance of his doing good—by doing nothing at all. This doesn't, however, lessen the bill of the unfortunate patient.

The Herbalist, the Electrician, the Blue-Glassist, all have something to say in favor of their treatment of human ills. And the Phlebotomist, too, flourishes, except in Jersey, where the native mosquito has practically killed his business.

Then there are the Medical Clairvoyant, who can see into the middle of next week, and round the corner at that, and those who believe in the efficacy of prayer, and scornfully reject medical advice.

Last of all is the unblushing advertising quack. He really never pretends to be anything else, and thrives upon the stupid ignorance of his victims.

There is much consolation in the thought that the constant practice of the Professors of the systems we have mentioned on the human constitution ends by their all meeting on the plane, à la Pinafore, that levels all ranks—viz., death. They all agree that death is death and ought to be treated as such.

But we do not despair of some of them finding a remedy for this—price, \$1; small bottles, 50 cents.

PUCK.

A MODERN BEAUTY.

JSAW her like a picture set
In fancy, fresh and fair—
A vision—who could e'er forget
Her form beyond compare?
In silken drapery arrayed,
With all those tricks of art
Which coquetry assures each maid
Will catch the unwary heart.

Her hands? O Venus, hide your own,
Though whiter they may be,
They are but cold and senseless stone,
While hers—ah, witchery
Was in their lightest touch, and dear
Each soft and dimpled joint.
Her rings were diamonds wondrous clear,
Her ruffles, rarest “point.”

Her melting eyes? The stars of night
Are dim compared to those
Pure orbs, whose affluence of light
Shone dark above a nose
Of purest Grecian contour, such
As artists love to paint
When picturing with skillful touch
A houri or a saint.

Her lips? The sternest anchorite
Would quickly leave his cell
To steal one kiss, if screened by night
And no one near to tell.
And close beside her, as she sate,
A Greek “Plotinus” lay.
She was a Vassar graduate,
And knew! Ah, who can say
How much? But as she read
And mused, her classic jaws
Kept up a movement, though high-bred
And dainty, without pause.
And oh, the dimples in her cheek!
Ye poets, hither come!
No fairer vision could ye seek
Than Clytie chewing gum.

C. H. THAYER.

EMPLASTRUM.

MR. MUGGINS TRIES A PLASTER.

Dear PUCK:

I have been ill. A friend advised me to try a plaster. A poor-house plaster, I think, he called it.

I tried one.

I didn't boil it, and take it in that way; nor did I bake it, or stew it, or cook it in any other way. I was not so idiotic as that.

I stuck it cold—and raw—and stuck it on my back.

It stuck!

I said to myself: “That feels better.”

I don't think I lied about it intentionally. At that time I really did think it improved my sanitary condition—if that is a correct synonym for a lame back.

I kept it on for about three days, and during the interim I applauded the wonderful efficacy and merits of the poor'us plaster, advised every friend to wear one, and wrote a long certificate in its favor, and wound up with the usual terminal phrase, that “no well regulated family should be without one.”

About that time it began to itch.

Then I knew it was doing me a power of good. I wriggled and twisted occasionally, and my friends observed that I was getting nervous.

I was getting rather nervous, I think, myself. Still that would wear off, of course, in due time.

But how it did worry me!

It didn't do any good to scratch it. I might as well have scratched the back of a rhinoceros.

I rubbed my back against the doors, the window-jams, and every available and accessible angular prominence about the house, till I wore off all the paint, and reduced seven coats to a condition of rags.

Then Mrs. M. said I was a miserable old fool, and asked me why I didn't take it off.

Sure enough! Why not? Of course! Still it was doing me so much good. I disliked to remove it for fear of a relapse.

But when Mrs. M. gently observed that I was an “obstinate old idiot,” I caught the inspiration of her poetic muse, and made up my mind to sacrifice my health, and even the plaster, if need be, to save the paint and the coats. Times were so hard, you know; and then the gummed old thing did itch like sixty!

When I took hold of it to yank it off, it didn't come! I worked my nails along the edge, but it was no use. I suppose I might have got it off, if I could have worked myself up into a frame of mind to submit patiently to the process of scalping my spinal backbone; but I didn't want to be scalped—at least, not on my dorsal spine.

The thing would be so absurdly undignified, you know.

I got a spatula and tried that. No go. Took a knife and jabbed the point in here and there. Hurt like everything, but didn't start the plaster.

Then I tried to claw it off with a currycomb. Abraded the adjacent propinquity extensively, and made me “holler,” but still the plaster stuck. Heavens! how fast it stuck! And how it did itch!

Then a brilliant idea flashed in upon my intellectual confusion. I would melt it off with a red-hot flat-iron. Patiently I endured the intolerable irritation while the iron was heating; and then—as this was a surgical operation that I could not well perform upon myself, I pressed Mrs. M. into service and awaited the attack.

I know not whether it was that Mrs. M. was possessed, at that moment, with a spirit of evil, or whether the flat-iron was too hot, or a pernicious mixture of both, but the moment the iron struck my back, I sprang as if I had been fired off by a catapult, and yelled like a Caracumee Indian.

This was too much! And still it stuck—and still, in spite of the pain, it itched.

About that time my friend who prescribed this delightful remedy dropped in. I think if he had attempted to haul down the American flag at that moment, I could have shot him on the spot.

“Put some cold water on it and it will come off,” said he, in reply to my pathetic appeals.

I applied the cold water, and, sure enough, the plaster dropped off like magic!

Then I went and crawled into the bath-tub, and turned on the cold water, and stayed there and soaked three days.

My back is now entirely well, but I retract all I said in favor of the poor'us-plaster.

No more for me!

Yours cataplasmically,
EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

A KNOWING GOOSE.



“I don't see anything to be thankful for!”

SHAKSPERE STUDIES.

HAMLET—ACT I.

THE play very properly opens with “who's there”; and a platform is named without principals.—[Sc. 1.]

THE conundrum is asked: “What is Hoe ratio?” No answer is furnished, but about forty hills to the forenoon would have hit it pretty close.—[Sc. 1.]

HORATIO's midnight prowlings had a not unusual object. Fanny Marcellus resided near and the brother repeats:—Horatio says, ‘tis but our Fan to see.—[Sc. 1.]

MARCELLUS and Bernardo are slightly mentioned as “officers,” but the latter calls the pair “we two knights.”—[Sc. 1.]

THE meeting on the platform took place on the last night of fall.—[Sc. 1.]

FEARING non-recognition of the ghost on its next appearance—spooks being common in that quarter—Bernardo suggests, “mark it, Horatio.”—[Sc. 1.]

IT was superstitiously believed that the weather-cock controlled the wind, and one complains that: “our vane blows malicious.”—[Sc. 1.]

A CONNECTICUT town is favorably mentioned as a summer resort by the Danes. “Norwich hath power to charm.”—[Sc. 1.]

ALTHOUGH the rates of freights are not given, there was a “despatch” to Norway and one Cornelius ran it.—[Sc. 2.]

IT is difficult to decide whether Laertes was a tailor, lawyer, chimney-sweep or butcher, as a remark made to him by the king indicates any: “You told us of some suit?” Yet the latter trade has in its favor some shop-furniture donated by the monarch—“beam I offer.” “Have you your father's sleeve?” of course, points toward the goose again.—[Sc. 2.]

A TRIFLING emendation will show what Hamlet really meant and said in a passage too long misunderstood: “Not so, my lord, I am too much I, the son!” There's sense and sound both for you.—[Sc. 2.]

HAMLET slurs Laertes's trade by the thrust: “I know not seams.”—[Sc. 2.]

WHEN he disclaims “all forms” as bearing upon his grief he had not heard from the platform.—[Sc. 2.]

INSTEAD of calling his friend level-headed, Hamlet, in the slang of the day, calls Horatio a “good even, sir.”—[Sc. 2.]

THE pedantic prince, after lecturing and patronizing Horatio, egotistically adds: “Me thinks I seem a father.”—[Sc. 2.]

JOHN ALBRO.

THE CHARITY BUSINESS.



Business being dull with Brown and Jones



They get up a Society for the Benefit of the Poorer Class, and Jones is elected President (salary, \$5,000); Brown, Vice (salary, \$3,000).



The other members have various duties, assigned them, with appropriate salaries.



And the charitable public comes down with its gold.



And the society takes care of itself,



While the Poor must take care of themselves.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CIX.
FASHIONABLE JOURNALISM AGAIN.

Ya-as, I expwessed my intention some time ago to wecur to the aw subject of fashionable journalism. I mean those kinds of fellaws who wite weports of pwivate

gatherwings, and have 'em pwinted in newspapahs supposed to wesemble, but verwy far wemoved fwom the aw *Morning Post*, the aw *Court Circular* and *Court Journal*, which, as everwy pwopah person knows, are considahed the corwect medium to have one's movements at home and abwoad chwonicled in.

Now, if there existed in this wepublic any weal arwistocwacy, I don't think I should offah any opposition to their sayings and doings being witten about and distwibuted faw the benefit of the lowah classes outside the charmed circle—but aw, ye see, there isn't any charmed

circle he-ah, and consequently nothing in society worth wecoding faw fewchah historwical weferwence.

But this is no dwawback to the average American witah faw the pwess—he manufactures his own arwistocwacy out of any material that may be handy, and pwints its most twivial doings, as if they were positively of interwest to the worwld.

Faw instance, it is a verwy common occurence to wead in a papah that Miss Bwown is wedding with Miss Smith faw a temporary perwid in some wemote village. I wondah who the d-d-deuce cares where Miss Bwown is, or that the Wobinsons have returned to town and had a weception in honah of the Andnews, and that Miss Way Andrew wore a gween silk fwock aw gown *a la Pwincess*.

But these things are comparwatively twifling to the elaborwate account that some of the pwetedded literwary fellaws give in the newspapahs of the doings at some unpwetentious weception where ordinarwy though verwy we-spectable people may be pwesent.

As a wule such mattahs do not interwest me, but Jack said the pwactice was so outwageously absurd that I couldn't weswain fwom taking it into considerwation.

Aw, ye see, a pwivate American gentleman

can't take into his head to ask a few fwiends to dwop in without an exaggerwated weport of the affai-ah appearing in some of these town or country newspapahs.

The most obscure nobody is in this way made to appe-ah to ignorant people who wead the descwpition as necessarwy to the rewolution of the earth on its axis, or wound aw—I'm not verwy stwong in astrownomy—its pwopah natural machinerwy in space.

Such a system is demorwalizing, and is a decidded injury to some clevah and pwominent individuals who perhaps have a wight to have their movements chrownicled on account of aw something that may have wendered them objects of interwest.

But de-ah Miss Marguerwite assures me that it is only the vulgah and half-bwed Americans who wejoice at seeing their names in pwint in the mannah I have descwibed.

Sometimes decent people cannot pwewent it, because these newspapah weportahs are he-ah, there and everwywhere, and pwy into pwivate mattahs for the purpose of waising a sensation.

Jack says that no pwess-witah ought to weceive an invitation anywhere in a pwivate circle unless he makes a gwarantee not to say anything about it in his papah aw.

AN IMPECUNIOUS LAMENT.

I LOVE—but in this earthly sphere
Our circumstances never suit us;
Though Cupid bends a favoring ear,
I'm frowned upon by greater Plutus.

Our hearts her parents never vex,
Her brother's conduct's very rational,
Upon our love we have no checks;
(I wish we had—on the First National.)

When we take front dress-circle chairs
Where opera fans form perfect thickets,
She little thinks I pawned three pairs
Of garnet studs to buy the tickets!

Though dear the hours of joy when we
Go driving, (each one costs two dollars)
Too dear by far they seem to me
When bought with all my standing collars.

But well I know there'll come a day
When love and cash will both run dry;
With bitter truth then I can say
"My heart is broken—so am I!"

M. P.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE TROJAN WAR.

I.

THE CAUSES WHICH LED TO THE DISTURBANCE.

THE causes which led to the war against Troy were as complicated as the Schleswig-Holstein question. There was a woman at the bottom of it.

The throne of Troy was occupied by a king named Priam, who achieved fame and got his portrait in the sporting-papers by being the father of a noble race of sons. The same end can be obtained now-a-days by engaging in a walking-match. Fools were not so numerous in Priam's day.

It was Hamlet who asked: "What is Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" Hamlet was poorly posted. Hecuba was a wife to him—Priam—and he a husband to her. When the time approached for another son to be born to them, their daughter, Cassandra, embarked in the second-sight business and predicted that the child would grow up to be the ruin of his country. It was not a pleasant prophesy, and Priam, in order to prevent his child from becoming a Dennis Kearneyite, abandoned the infant on Mount Ida.

This was the first era in its abandoned career. The child was found by some shepherds and named Paris, after the gay capital of France. The shepherds looked over the "lost and found" column of the *Troy Herald* every morning for two weeks, and not seeing the child advertised, concluded to make something better than a politician of him. They instructed him in the noble art of tending sheep. In an incredibly brief space of period he could tend sheep as ably as the shepherd, who graduated from a sheep college with the highest honors.

Soon after being installed in his new position, Paris made a pun on "the wether, ewe know," and his sister's prediction looked as if it was about to be verified on the spot. But the boss shepherd arrested the impending catastrophe. He lambed Paris severely, and threatened to hire him to a traveling Pinafore company.

On a beautiful morning in June, when the feathered songsters warbled their sweetest lays on branch and bush, and bronzed sons of Italy ground out *Fatinitza* airs in the streets of Troy,

Paris was down in the flowery mead minding his stock, and stocking his mind with ten-cent literature of the "Suicide Series," three goddesses, without pull-backs or bodices, approached him and appointed him a committee to decide which was the most beautiful.

Young man, if you were out in a field tending sheep and communing with nature, and three lovely and sparsely-clad females approached and requested you to decide which was the Mrs. Langtry of the triumvirate, what would you do?

Well, that is the way Paris felt about it.

The youthful shepherd cast sheep's-eyes at the girls, and wondered if they belonged to a traveling "Black Crook" troupe. He said he was a very poor judge of female beauty, and suggested that they decide the question by tossing up a trade-dollar, or cutting cards, or engaging in a go-as-you-please walking-match, or something that way. But a golden apple was involved in Paris's decision, and the girls, who bore the respective names of Venus, Minerva and Juno, insisted upon having his opinion, and resorted to a political dodge called bribery—now, happily, a lost art.

Juno promised him the throne of Asia, Minerva immortal fame, and Venus the loveliest wife on earth. The latter offer was a temptation the susceptible youth could not resist, and his decision made Juno and Minerva so mad that they wanted to scratch his eyes out.

"O you wretch!" they exclaimed in unison, as they turned away, "you'll regret this ere many days!"

There was to be an ox-roast in Troy, in honor of the election of the entire State ticket, we believe, and two of the King's sons were sent to Mount Ida to select the animal. They chose one that Paris said he wouldn't sell for two thousand dollars, and the shepherd followed it into town, intending to demand its restoration of the King. On the road the brothers got into a political dispute, and Paris would have been Yazooed but for the timely appearance of Cassandra, who revealed the story of his birth. Soon after there was rejoicing in the King's palace, and the daughter's untoward policy was forgotten.

Paris, in his new home, surrounded with religious-weekly chromos, hot and cold water in every room, and other royal splendors, forgot all about the lovely wife promised him. But Venus was a woman of her word. She commanded him to have ships built and proceed to Sparta, where, in the person of Helen, he would find the wife in question.

Helen was a New York girl, and was spending the summer in Sparta with her Aunt Hannah. She was such a beautiful woman—Helen, not her Aunt Hannah—that she captivated the hearts of all the Spartan youths, and so many and pressing were the noble suitors that her aunt threatened to take out the gas-metre and substitute coal-oil. She had as many as four beaux a night, and the gas-bills were frightful!

Her father, not wishing to provoke the hostility of so many noble youths, determined to allow his daughter to select her own husband. But first he compelled her suitors to take an oath not only to be satisfied with her choice, but to assist her husband thereafter in whatever danger or difficulty he might be placed.

"You're a dear, kind, good old Pop," said his daughter, kissing him on the ear, when he informed her that she might choose her own incub—*that is*, her own husband. And she immediately chose Menelaus, the brother of Agamemnon, her sister's husband.

The wedding ceremony was a very brilliant affair, the daily papers devoting over two columns to it. Helen's dress was cut extremely décolleté at both ends, and she wore her hair and a very sweet smile.

W.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.*

HORATIUS AT HOME.

STRAIGHT from his swim in Tiber,
Horatius hastened home—
He lived where now St. Peter's
High rears its noble dome—
And, as he stepped on his front-stoop,
Horatius's wife did say:
"You'll wet the new hall-carpet;
Go round the area-way."

He'd stayed the Tuscan foemen
Until the bridge went down;
Then had his swim in Tiber
Soaked him from toe to crown:
And when his wife gazed on him,
His fate she soon foretold:
"You've caught your death of danger;
You'll have a dreadful cold."

With speed he changed his toga,
Put slippers on his feet,
And sat beside the register
Where he could feel the heat;
His wife, with female wisdom,
Hot baths put to his toes,
And flannel on his thorax,
And goosegrease on his nose.

"Now sit thee down, Horatius,"
His wife did sharply say;
"Whate'er may hap, you don't go out
Again this blessed day.
The babe rock in the cradle,
If he should chance to cry,
While I make up for supper
A Roman beefsteak-pie."

Horatius read the paper,
And sipped some catnip-tea,
And when the babe did chance to cry
He danced it on his knee;
And when the feast was ready,
He ate his beefsteak-pie,
And when he sought his couch that night
He was completely dry.

Yet ere the moon marked midnight
His teeth began to ache,
And with the throes of ague
His limbs began to shake,
Grim pleurisy pinched at his side,
Rheumatics twitched his toes,
Pneumonia was in his lungs,
And snuffles in his nose.

For many days in Autumn,
And when the Tiber froze,
He nursed his teeth, his limbs, his side,
He nursed his lungs and nose;
Quinine he swallowed by the pound,
And lots of mercury,
And every night he drank a quart
Of red-hot boneset tea.

"Horatius, you're a donkey!"
Quite oft his wife would say.
"If one would cross the Tiber
A bridge is the true way.
Why, e'en in showery weather
I'll never leave our roof,
And risk a cold, unless I wear
Gum-shoes and water-proof."

Horatius, 'mid his sufferings,
By the nine gods he swore
That unto father Tiber
He'd trust himself no more.
He swore that, if there came again
A need to save fair Rome,
He'd let some other hero bold
Receive the glory—and the cold—
While he remained at home.

* Macaulay was undoubtedly correct in his supposition that the early Romans had ballad-poetry. We may well imagine that that ballad-poetry dealt with domestic as heroic events. The lay here presented is a specimen of the domestic class.

WHY THE WORLD IS ROUND.

I DO not profess to be a man of science, though I am quite ignorant enough to believe in almost any of the scientific theories which now have possession of the public mind. I find that, even with both my eyes shut, I can easily believe that man originally started in his present life as an atom, a protoplasm, or a monkey. However, though not a man of science, I believe, when I am discussing scientific matters, that I should present my readers the scientific theories in regard to the subject under consideration. Usually scientific theories furnish very little valuable information, whether we must obtain it by the inductive, the deductive, the productive, the subductive or introductory method.

With regard to the shape of the world, scientific men agree, but they have differed very much as to the reason why it was made in its present shape. Laplace, you know, believed that the heavens were filled with a great molten mass, which broke up into spheres, and that the earth obtained its round form by reason of the speed of its revolution while in a liquid state. That is a very pretty theory, but the Lord only knows whether it is true.

Lord Monboddo, the celebrated Scotch philosopher (who discovered that there are no solid substances, and sacrificed himself to his theory by breaking his head against a lamp-post when he was full of whiskey), was of the opinion that the earth was originally a cube, but that it gradually assumed its spherical form by reason of its friction with the atmosphere, which wore off the points of the cube.

Prof. Hucksleigh's opinion can perhaps be best given in his own words. He says: "When we consider the orbicular, or oblate spheroidal, configuration of the earth, we are compelled either to assume a conclusion in a petitionary manner, or to admit that the earth assumed its present external appearance just as the conglomerate mass in the grasp of the fork-chuck of the lathe slowly, but surely, congregates."

Professor Darwout, unless very much misrepresented, is of the opinion that the world was made round for fear that man, when he was in his quadrumanous state, would, if there had been any projecting points (such as the corners of a cube), have wrapped his prehensile tail around such points and launched himself into the air. That would have led to the survival of the unfittest; as the weak and timid monkeys would have refrained from such gymnastic performances. The world was made, then, in the Professor's opinion, in order to save his doctrine of the survival of the fittest.

But let us pass from the theories of scientific men to the certainties of the logicians. Here there is no such confusion. Here there is perfect accord. That is one of the chief beauties of logic. Give the same premises to any number of logicians, whatever their nationalities, and invariably the same result will be produced. Take the matter under consideration as an illustration. A logician sees at once that what he must first construct is a syllogism in what the logical fraternity call *Darwout*. That syllogism takes the following form:

All globular bodies are round;
Some pumpkins are globular bodies;
Some pumpkins are round.

That takes us one step on our way, and we at once form the following syllogism:

All important things are "some pumpkins";
The earth is an important thing;
The earth is "some pumpkins."

Anyone can see at a glance that the earth, being "some pumpkins," is necessarily round,

IMPROBABLE.



MRS. BROWN. (*Just from Podunk*): Young man, if you can guarantee that ere Elevated road of yourn ain't agoin' to let down under me 'n' Salathiel, you kin jest hitch up and take us up to Central Park, where the animiles is."

and that it is round because it is "some pumpkins."

Thus, in its infallible method, does logic solve the most difficult conundrums while the mere men of science are squabbling among themselves as to which of their theories is correct.

Now, no one can have a greater respect for logic and its results than I have, but logic does not always profess to give us the *ultima ratio*. All that logic claims to be able to do, is to give us an answer to any conundrum asked of it. For example, if you should put to the logician the conundrum, "What most resembles a pig squealing under a gate?" he would answer, "Two pigs squealing under a gate." Now, that is the favorite answer to that conundrum in New Jersey and the Southern States; but in New England and New York the invariable solution of that conundrum is, "Another pig squealing under a gate." Thus it is evident that, while logic professes to be infallible in giving an answer, it by no means pretends to give the only possible answer.

That being so, it perhaps behooves the present writer, inasmuch as the scientific men are in conflict on the question, to see if there is any further or other solution which can be presented of the conundrum, "Why is the world round?" The rule with scientific men is to state a theory, and then collect all the facts which uphold your theory and suppress those which oppose it. The logician acts, however, in an entirely different manner. He tries a syllogism in every possible mood, and, if he fails to obtain a satisfactory solution of the question, he goes out and observes matters and things generally, and endeavors to discover the *ultima ratio* of which I have spoken.

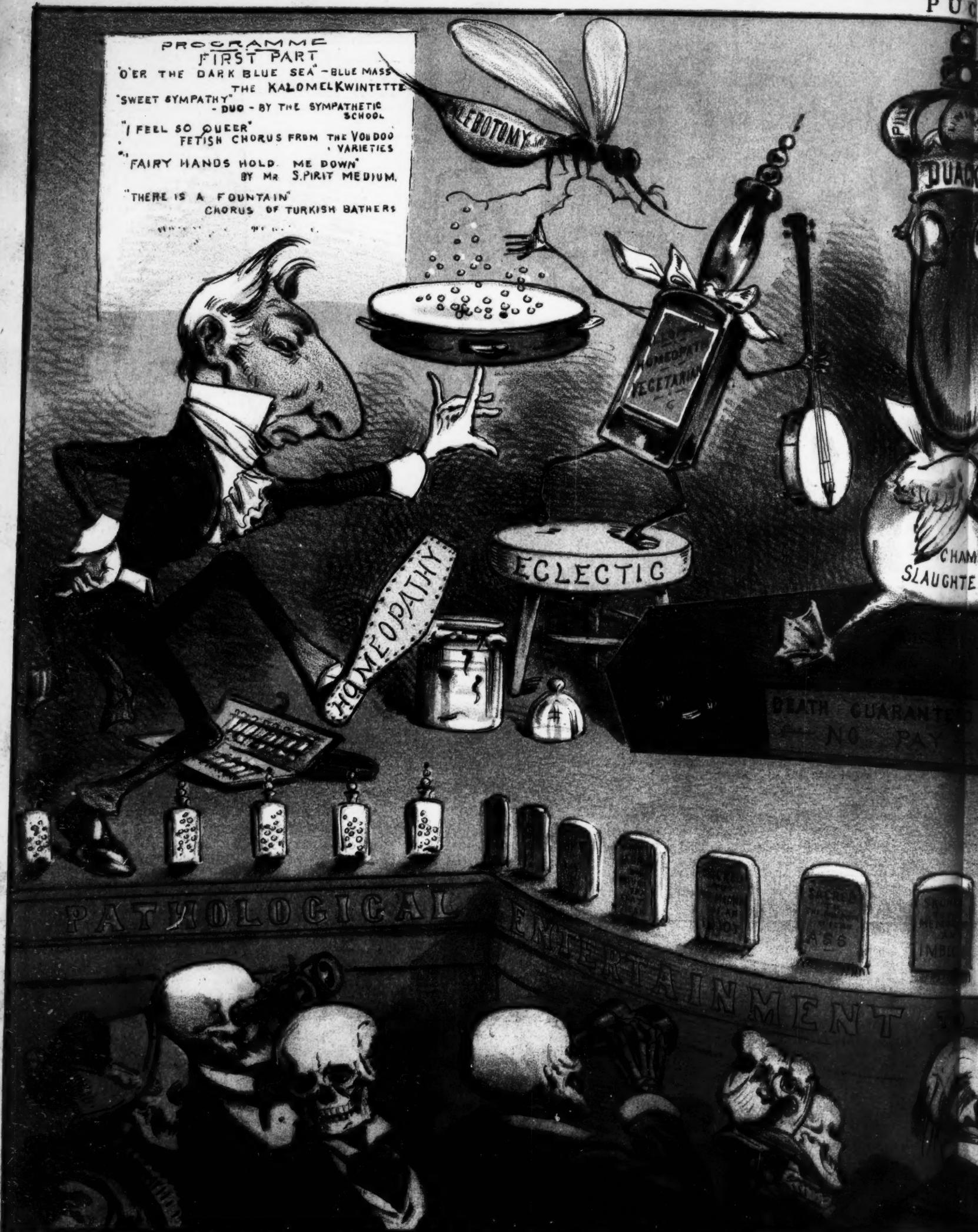
For example, a distinguished logician was once asked, "Why does water run up hill?"

He prepared his syllogisms and promptly answered, "Because, at the moment when the water starts up hill, the solar attraction is stronger than the attraction of gravitation, and once started up hill the water is too lazy to stop."

There was a complete answer, but the logician went out and sought the *ultima ratio*, the final reason for the thing, and found that the answer to that conundrum was, "Because water does not run up hill."

In the present case let us look for this *ultima ratio*. Many people have thought that it would be very pleasant if the world had been made flat, with one face turned constantly to the sun.

Then they and their friends could live on the sunny side; while their enemies might drag out existence on the shady side. A moment's reflection, however, will convince even them that it would be very dangerous to have any edges to the earth. As the world is now made, you may fall down, but cannot fall off; but see what would happen, if there were edges to the earth. It is well known that men will get "half seas over," and "full," and "biling"; and, if the earth had edges, every time a drunken man approached one of the edges he would probably stumble off into eternity. Now keepers of gin-mills must live; but it is plain, under our present civil damage acts, the gin-mill keepers would be compelled, if the world had edges, to place guardians all along those edges. Otherwise those honest tradesmen would be mulcted in damages whenever a man fell off of any of the edges. And then suppose the guardians got "biling"! It is evident then that the world was made round in order to protect keepers of gin-mills from the losses which they might otherwise suffer under the civil damage laws.



QUACKERY—MEDICAL MINSTRELS PERFORMING FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PUBLIC



NEF OF THEIR FORMER PATIENTS—NO OTHER DEAD-HEADS ADMITTED.

A VERY SEVERE CASE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10th, '79.

My dear friend PUCK:
I just have struck
The following little joke;
If you don't think
'Tis worth a drink,
I'm sorry that I spoke:

The habit of voting a mix (Mick's) ticket originated in the *Pat-ron* age.

If you don't like
This joke on Mike,
One favor I would ask it,
One little throw,
And down 'twill go
Into your waste-basket.

INCOG.

THE END OF THE WORLD AT LAST.

THE SECOND ADVENTISTS RIGHT.

TOLD YER SO.

PUCK'S SPECIAL REPORT.

ALL FOR 10 CENTS.

IT has come. It was a long time thinking about it, but it none the less surely put in an appearance. Everything and everybody have gone to eternal smash, and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wrack behind.

The Tall Tower and Mr. Cyrus André Field's monument have been razed to the ground.

PUCK alone remains, and he issues this last number simply to amuse himself. He has not even Macaulay's New Zealander to keep him company; so this gentleman will not now have the opportunity of sketching that broken arch of London Bridge.

The great day of excitement was

LAST FRIDAY, THE 14TH INST.

The morning broke gloomily, and there was a very great demand for the last number of the *Herald*, as well as a feeling of relief that it really was the last. Its circulation on this occasion must have exceeded considerably that of the *Sun*. The directors of the elevated railroads announced, through the press, that in consideration of the unpleasant character of the day they would reduce the price of traveling to five cents at all hours. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt distributed all his N. Y. Central stock among the poor. Judge Hilton threw open the Park Avenue Hotel to working-women. Mr. Jay Gould strewed about Wall Street all his Union Pacifics. The impecunious refused to pick them up, suggesting that Mr. Gould might want the water himself.

Much excitement was caused by the receipt of a dispatch from Mr. Hayes that he was about going on a "regular" with Charles A. Dana, as he would never have the chance again.

The day's proceedings were announced to wind up with "Pinafore" in the Grand Central Dépôt, Mr. Sullivan to conduct in person.

Mr. John Kelly and Mr. Tilden were observed embracing one another, and walked about arm-in-arm in the most friendly manner.

All the drygoods-stores and tailors did a good business, owing to the large demand for ascending and descending robes, as the case might warrant.

A Fifth Avenue belle had imported from Paris a rich ascension robe, made by Worth, which was much admired and excited the envy

of other young ladies, each of whom mentally resolved to have one just like it when she arrived at her destination.

In accordance with Millenium regulations, the animals in the Central Park were let loose. The lion immediately sidled up to the lamb, which raised the price of spring mutton. The cockatrice went to join the sea-serpent—a very good riddance.

The little child didn't lead them—indeed, hadn't a show at all; it was engaged in the chorus of a juvenile "Pinafore" company.

We had almost forgot to mention that pigs were prime and turkeys chewed tobacco.

Mr. Proctor, the astronomical party from England, is said by some to be responsible for this painful disturbance of the ordinary course of things. It is really too bad when we are so near a new Presidential election.

LATER.

There is a hitch. The proceedings have not come off as announced, owing to the principal soloist having struck.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT FAIR.

MR. HAYES was announced to open the Seventh Regiment Fair on Monday; probably less because he is a popular attraction than because he is supposed to be an authority in the matter of Fairs. Puck has frequently expressed his dislike of this species of bazaar; but if there are degrees of merit in fairs, this is a very good fair. We trust all our readers will go there and spend their money; for the Seventh regiment is really in need of increased facilities for practice. At present its ground drill is something that would be funny on the variety stage; but is of no practical use in the art of war. Besides, the regiment, in its eagerness to own an armory, has made one or two highly improper attempts to possess itself of our public parks, and, being balked in these modest endeavors, has had to pass round the hat of mendicity in a way that was certainly not dignified, and apparently not remunerative. We trust that everyone who can afford it will go to the Seventh Regiment Fair, which will hereafter receive more extended notice in our columns.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE *Norristown Herald* has recently increased its size, and we have learnt more, after a conscientious perusal of its columns for several years, of the domestic economy and manners and customs of the Pennsylvanians than from any other paper in the State.

WE have received from the American News Company its latest publication—a box of "Manhatta" Cigars. It is literally turning over a new leaf. The work is creditable to the young author and shows no lack of fire. We note that the American News Company publishes higher grades of Cigars. We shall be glad to give our opinion of these as well as of any other bric-á-brac it may have about its establishment.

A well-told story is "The Children of the Outlaw, a Tale of the Middle Ages" by R. Leonhart. It has been recently published in Pittsburgh by Stevenson, Foster & Co. The incidents are highly interesting and related with a vigor and directness which are quite unusual in works of the kind. The style is by no means brilliant; but the great charm of the book is the absence of fine writing, or the attempt of the author to throw a false glamour of romance around persons who, after all, were as prosaic in those days as they would be at the present time.

THE THEATRES.

"The Octoroon" was elaborately revived at HAVERLY'S THEATRE on Monday last.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS advertise "two hours of solid fun," and they give it to you.

"Pinafore" has given place to "Fatinitza" at the STANDARD, and Gilbert and Sullivan have one theatre the less to go to.

"Enchantment" at NIBLO's shows no sign of weakening, nor does Sir Joseph Tooker or any other members of the corps d'armée.

Mr. Bartley Campbell introduced on Monday night his "Galley Slave" to a Brooklyn audience at HAVERLY'S THEATRE, in that fair and virtuous city.

We have nothing new to say about the AMERICAN INSTITUTE EXHIBITION except to advise everybody to go there. Should anybody be dissatisfied, let the blame be laid to our doors.

Politeness to Mr. Perdicaris forbids us to comment on either his picture or his play at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE. They were succeeded on Monday night by "Self Conquest," adapted from Wilkie Collins's novel, "The Frozen Deep."

The "Church Choir Pinafore" at the BROADWAY OPERA HOUSE finds a large number of people to listen to it. Messrs. G. and S. say that it out-choruses the best chorus they ever heard even in their own blawsted country.

"Our Girls" has started on the run at WALKER'S. Miss Stella Boniface's performance of *Clara Merton* is charming, and as for Mr. Beckett's *Plantagenet G. Potter* it does not admit of criticism. It is simply a perfect personation—as true to nature as it is funny.

"Aida" at the ACADEMY OF MUSIC last Friday was very well mounted and very fairly sung. It is the most un-Verdi-like of Verdi's works and attractive on that account. The director of 'Er Majesty's Hopera is certainly doing his best to please us and we ought to be proportionately grateful in consequence.

Answers for the Curious.

HASELTINE.—She's counted in.

S. T. S.—We are sorry that you don't like the paper. We publish it simply and solely to please you. We should ask you to come down to the office and edit it, only that if you did, some iniquitous idiot might write to tell you how much better he could do it himself; and that would probably annoy a nervous person like you.

W. G.—You may compute for yourself how many times the circling orb of day has circled since March 15th, 1877, when the first number of English PUCK appeared in New York. His revered Teutonic brother is several months older; and they once had a prototype in St. Louis, who differs from them both in being dead.

P. H. SHEA.—Do you know what became of the man who wrote on both sides of the paper? He was torn to pieces by wild horses, Mr. Shea. We don't want to discourage you; but he was. As to the subject-matter of your article, it has but one redeeming quality—it is not in poetic form. Don't underrate that, Mr. Shea. It is a great deal.

W. T. CULLIN.—Certainly, you are an American citizen, and entitled to all the privileges of one—such as they are. Our laws take no cognizance of questions of ancestry, and your residence abroad no more makes you a foreigner than blond whiskers, a high complexion, and a pleasing rotundity of person would make you an Englishman. You might possess all these charms and come from Germany, or bear an Italian name, or be—perhaps—Scandinavian. But because you had the pleasure of being born here, you are a citizen of the great and glorious republic, and we hope the assurance may be gratifying to you.

ARCHIE GASCOYNE

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCC,

BY
JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: A Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;" "Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of Life;" "Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney," etc., etc., etc.

CONTINUATION OF BOATSWAIN'S STORY.
(FROM ARCHIE GASCOYNE'S DIARY.)

"Of the ten or twelve years that followed," continued the sick man, "I need say next to nothing. My two companions disappeared in New York, and I was left to rough it alone. On the whole I did fairish well, and was raking up a steady pile of dollars on the lakes, when I met Dick. That was an unlucky day for me, sir; an unlucky day. Not that there were not worse chaps than Dick; he wouldn't cheat a friend for the world, and would stand by him through thick and thin to his bottom dollar. But he was wild—awful wild. His people in the old country were well off—for Dick was an Englishman, and had been brought up as a gentleman. Anyone could see that, sir, as plain as a marlinspike, and we all called him 'Gentleman Dick.' Well, sir, to make a long story short, for I feel faintish-like and I don't want to weary you, when I met Dick first there was a great talk in mining circles about some silver mines that had been struck in Colorado; and nothing would satisfy Dick but we should pack up and go off there on spec. I had saved a goodish bit of money, and Dick managed to raise some more. So we jined the lumps together and started as pardners. It was a long and tiresome journey, you bet, and we were mightily tired and worn out when we got the length of Denver, and as you might almost say of Pike's Peak, the place we was agoin' to, and a mighty wild place it is—more 'n 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and covered with snow all the year round. When we got as far as Denver I kind of wanted to turn back, or, at any rate, rest there a spell. But Dick was a main obstinate kind of chap, and nothing would do but we'd go right ahead. So away we forged ahead again, and after most awful hardships got to our destination, where we met a small party of miners, and they didn't seem in the best of spirits either. But Dick was full of spirit, and wi' in a couple of days of arriving we had pitched our tent and set to work. The place was called Grizzly Gulch, for shortly after we left it, I've heard since, its name was changed and it became quite a large town; these mining towns do spring up surprising fast. Where we settled was in a canyon of the Green River, the banks of which on some places are nigh 4,000 feet high, and almighty steep.

"Well, as I was sayin', we set to work, and mighty hard work we found it, too. There was silver in plenty to be sure, but it was hard to find, and me and my pardner were main unfortunate. After some weeks of as hard work and as mean as ever men had, Dick he lost heart, and I wasn't long in following suit. We had a few greenbacks left, and we made up our minds to make tracks for where we'd come from, before our money was all out. So off we went, but we lost our way, and how we'dhev got to Denver, or Spanish Fort, or any other Christian town, it beats me to guess, but for meeting a mining chap that was coming home from a long spell of mining in Nevada, where he had made a mighty big pile of money. He guided us to

a place of shelter where we rested a bit and got something to eat and drink. It was a mean shanty enough, where the man stayed all by himself; but it was on the high road between Denver, La Porte, Salt Lake City, and other places, and there was a good deal of trade on it in a way. The miner chap I spoke of had been located in the shanty he took us to for nigh onto six months. He lived all alone, and sold drinks and what kind of food he had to passing bands of miners. We wanted—did Dick and I—to shove right ahead away, but a storm came on and we were glad to spend the time where we were. So, to pass the time, Smith—for that was his name—brought out the bottle and cards, and we sat down to spend the night. After we had been playing for some time luck began to run dead against us, and by two or three in the morning Smith had cleaned us right out, even to our traveling kits. You bet we felt bad, did my pardner and me; but he was wilder than me, and Smith, who had drank a mighty lot of liquor, began to chaff Dick badly.

"At last Dick, who had been watching him for a considerable time, gets up with an oath and grabs him by the throat.

"'You d—d cheat,' shouts he, 'you've four aces up your sleeve'—and he shook the other like a dog would a cat, and sure enough the cards dropped out.

"You never seed a man turn as plaguy scared as that man did; but all he said was: 'you're a liar,' and before Dick could say naught he out with his revolver and shot full at my pardner's face. The shot struck poor Dick on the temple, and he fell forard with a sort of gasp. I then closed with Smith, and, being much stronger than him, I had whipped the metal out of his hand and had him on his back in less than no time.

"Then I whispers to Dick, did I: 'Dick, old man, are you badly hurt?'

"'Pretty rough,' says he, 'but I'll pull through, I think. Only remember, Jim, give that cuss hell.'

"Waal, my temper was up, you see, and the man had first cheated us and then shot Dick, and we had drunk more than was good for us, and I felt that mad to see my pardner lying there all white and gasping-like, that, without even thinking of consekkences, I answered, low-like:

"'That I will, by God—but I didn't do it when he was down. I let up and shoved his barker into his fist, and he fit him squar and straight. But the varmint's hand shook so he could scarce hold the pistol, and I could—'

Here Jim paused for breath, overcome with the recollections of that night. I thought his end had come, he looked so faint and ghastly, and I urged him to stop and let me call the doctor. But he was so bent on relieving his mind that I saw it would only hurt him to insist.

"Dick did not die after all—leastways not immediate-like, though that bit of lead sent him to the 'Kingdom Come' within a fortnight. He had some strength left and helped me to bury *it*. Dick was for taking his money, of which he had quite a sight, close on to twenty thousand dollars, Dick guessed; for I couldn't bear to look at it; but it was a mighty pile. Well, as I was sayin', my pardner wanted to take the stuff, but I wouldn't hear of it, and after a bit I got him talked over. But I seed no objections to taking back the money we'd 'a' been robbed off, and maybe Dick wasn't quite particular about the quantity like.

"But be that as it may, we buried Smith with his money—most of it tied up in his belt—and we marked the spot. Here is the paper Dick wrote. I'm no scholar, but he was main spry with his pen; most as spry as with his revolver. Ay, here's the paper. Smith had neither kith nor kin—he told us so hisself—nor friend of any kind, and, though I could never bear to take it, I don't see why you shouldn't. Leastwise there's the paper as Dick drawed up. You have been very kind to me and I feel main grateful.

"I needn't say more about it. After a few days Dick died, and I felt terrible lonesome after I buried him. I couldn't forgive myself neither for shooting Smith, and it troubled me. That was fifteen years ago a'most to a day, and I've had no rest nor peace since. I got reckless and took to room, and here I am agoing to pass in my checks, a broken wretch, long before my time."

He talked for some time after this, but what he said concerns no one else.

Shortly after I called the doctor, and the next day all that was left of poor "Dare-Devil Jim" was lowered into that vast wandering grave—the sea.

The memorandum he had given me was a rude, weather-stained bit of coarse yellow paper, with a rough drawing on it of a mean-looking hut, close to which stood a stunted tree beneath which was written:

SMITH'S GRAVE.

The description of the locality was remarkably minute, even the approximate longitude and latitude being given; the former being 108° west from Greenwich, or 31° from Washington; the latter 40° latitude. The State, Colorado, and the scene of the tragedy in the Chatopooka Pass, Pike's Peak.

The rest of the voyage was rendered disagreeable to most on board by a continuous succession of terrific gales, accompanied by strong head winds and rain. On the Banks of Newfoundland which they reached on Friday, their seventh day out, this state of matters was aggravated by a heavy fog and a particularly dirty ground smell, which laid most of the passengers on their back again, and kept them there most of the way to Sandy Hook. To Archie, however, the change of weather was welcome. After the fact of his parentage and station had leaked out he had been the subject of much prying curiosity and vulgar attention. Had he been in his ordinary health and spirits this would have troubled him little. Nay, in the absence of anything particular to do, and with abundance of time on his hand he might probably have rather enjoyed and taken advantage of the opportunity for studying human nature thus afforded. But, as may well be believed, he was not "i' the humor," and was glad to be freed from the importunities of the inquisitive.

His time during the last three days was mainly passed in the company of Alice Jakes, and on the whole he found it pass pleasantly enough. Since their mutual confession they had become very intimate friends, and as intimacies are allowed on board ship that would cause unpleasant comment on land they took advantage of the fact, much, it may be added, to Huckleberry Jake's disgust, to further cement their friendship. That worthy would fain have put an end to their intimacy, and had used all his influence with his uncle to procure the latter's intervention. But old Jakes merely smiled in his own dry way, and as he stuffed a fresh plug of tobacco into his cheek, remarked, "That he guess he'd allow things to slide." The fact is he, like his daughter, had taken a fancy to Gascoyne, and the two had several long conversations together. At first the younger man did not like his Yankee friend's inquisitorial propensities, but after a time he came to see that his "pumping" was perfectly good-natured and even kindly, and that he himself was perfectly willing to be "pumped" in return. Nor were these interviews without their benefit to Archie. The old man was a shrewd observer of men and things, and in his own dry way gave Archie a large amount of valuable information regarding American matters which he found of advantage afterwards. Especially was this the case with regard to mines and mining.

"Do you know anything of the Nevada Silver Mines?" enquired Archie of him one day.

"The Ne-vada Silver Mines, guess I do. Which one do ye-ou allude to?"

"I'm not quite sure. I think it is the Isabella, or some such feminine name."

"Wa-al ne-ow, sir, might I further en-quire if you hev any particuar interest in that institution?"

Archie hesitated for a moment before replying:

"Well, yes; to be frank with you, I have. Fact is, my father has invested a large amount of money in that, or some other mine in Nevada, and in fact is out there now looking after his interests."

"Ph-ew," whistled old Jakes softly. "So it is the silver that is taking ye-ou out tew? Going to help the Baronet like?"

"Not quite," replied Archie, slightly embarrassed; "not exactly that, though it has something to do with it. I mean to look about me and settle down in business."

The old man looked at him curiously for a moment—as if surprised and interested.

"Wa-al, ne-ow, that is real curious. I always thought ye-ou English aristocrats never did anything in that line. Passed your lives horse-racing, shooting and flying kites."

"You are quite mistaken, sir. The son of one of our oldest and most influential Dukes is a tea-merchant; another a broker."

"Wa-al, that licks creation; but I'm glad, young man, you spoke to me about these silver mines. I hev done considerable in that line myself, and I do know considerable about them. Let me see now," and he took a large pocket-book from the inside pocket of his vest and turned over some papers.

"How did you say might that mine be christened? Isabella?"

"Yes."

"Wa-al, siree, I hope you're mistaken in the name. I can't, right at this moment, say anything definite like about it. But against it I have put one of my black crosses, and that looks bad. However, it may be all right."

"I hope to God it is," muttered Archie, under his breath, thinking how badly the Baronet would be cut up should anything go wrong in that quarter.

"I tell you what I'll do," resumed the old man; "I've taken a kind of liking to you, I

hev. Yes, siree, I like you, and it ain't often old Jakes gets soft like. Now there's my address in New York—the Fifth Avenue Hotel, sir. We shall be there in the course of four days now, and as soon as I put foot on pier 35, North River, or whatever it is, I'll drive straight to my old broker and get this thing fixed. You just call at my hotel within three hours after landing, should we happen to land in time for business hours, and I'll hev the information for you."

"I thank you sincerely," said Archie, "and I am sorry to trouble you so."

"Wa-al, it won't be much of a trouble, and Alice, I sort of guess, would be inviting you anyhow. By the way, where are you going to stay?"

"At the Brevoort House, where my father was to put up."

Jakes entered the address in his note-book, and three days later, when only 177 miles from New York, they hailed pilot boat 249, and within a few hours had landed in New York.

True to his word, Jakes, leaving his daughter to the tender mercies of his nephew, drove straight to his broker, while Archie went to the Brevoort House.

Three hours later he called at the Fifth Avenue and asked for his friend. His card being sent up, word was returned to step up.

Archie did so and found Jakes alone.

"Well," said the young man, "discovered anything?"

The other looked at him keenly for an instant, and then said slowly:

"Is the baronet in New York still?"

"No; he left last week for Nevada."

"Then wire to him to sell out any stock he may have in the Isabella. It may be too late, but there's no use throwing away a chance."

A brief conversation followed between the two men, the result of which was that that same afternoon Archie was on his way to Nevada, having, of course, telegraphed in advance. His kind friend Jakes saw him off at the railway station, as did also, you may be sure, Alice.

"Be sure and write me," whispered the latter, as he shook her hand warmly at parting, "I may have news for you."

"Of course I will," was the reply, and the train moved off.

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

It is safe to assert that the day for naming babies after Mr. Samuel J. Tilden is past.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

We are informed by the Gowanda *Enterprise* that the next bill for the President to veto will be the Thanksgiving proclamation.

THE iceberg which nearly sunk the steamship Arizona, it is strongly suspected, was merely Charles Francis Adams in swimming.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

A PHILADELPHIA woman attempted suicide by drinking coal-oil; but as she failed to apply a lighted match to her mouth, the affair proved a dismal failure.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

SHE flitted like a vision. She wouldn't have been in such a hurry only she had on that "hateful old dress" with the over-skirt two seasons behind the style.—*New Haven Register.*

BASHFUL ELIJAH.

THERE Isabel—we Noah well—
Woo'd by a bashful feller,
For Theoadora of this belle
Adored but dared not Ella.

At last one Eve upon the porch
In Ernest tones he pleaded
He'd give up Paul to win her heart—
Her love was Saul he needed.

"I wish that Ida heart to give,"
Unto herself she Seth—
"If Phebe Levi am a flirt
His Si will close in death."

He'd Caesar Randal little while
As Titus he was Abel—
From his beg Guy a tender Luke
Deamed Lora tresses sable.

No sooner Adelaide his arm
About her waist so clever,
Than up she Rose Andrew away—
She wouldn't have it—never!

In vain did she for Mercy Sue—
This foolish Swain Elijah,
"Oh, Hugo 'Ira hall," she jeered,
"I never could Abijah!"

He ne'er came Mary time again,
Ann never after seen 'er—
And he's grown grace since that sad day
While she's grown Evelina.

St. Louis Times-Journal.

"FISHING for Oysters" is the heading of a six-inch editorial in the New York *Evening Mail*. Ah! we see; the editor has been to a church sociable.—*Gowanda Enterprise.*

BE still, everybody, while the *Argo* emits the information that Edison is still in search of platinum. The electric light refuses to shine, economically, until more platinum is discovered.—*Modern Argo.*

REALLY, now, we could say a good many hard things about those Indians—but, but we can't help thinking all the while that—how much better it would have been if we had been here first.—*Lowell Journal.*

A VESSEL drawing twenty-five feet passed through the Mississippi jetties the other day, and up to the present time the stalwart journals of the North have missed the glorious opportunity of explaining to their readers that the twenty-five feet she drew were those of Southern Republicans which had been chopped off by Louisiana bulldozers.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald.*

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A BIG DIFFERENCE.
There was a young man in Oshkosh, Who swore not, but always said "Gosh." It was vulgar, of course, And very much worse Than if he had simply said "Bosh."

—*Boston Post* [presumably.]

WASHINGTON was obliged to get up a fair so as to keep Hayes at Home.—*Baltimore Every Saturday*.

Is a collector of moths a mother?—*Boston Post*. No more than a collector of fat is a father.—*Commercial Bulletin*. Well, then, is a man who eats broth a brother?—*Boston Post*.

An unknown man was killed by the cars at Stratford on Saturday. The contents of his pockets, sixty cents and a pair of scissors, would indicate that he was connected with journalism.—*Danbury News*.

PEDDLERS must suffer more inconvenience from cross dogs than any other class of persons, if a peddler can be called a person, yet who ever knew of a peddler dying of hydrophobia—or anything else.—*New Haven Register*.

MRS. SWISSHELM says that she could settle the Indian problem in three months. We presume she would go west and make mouths at the red man, but our Government is opposed to the extermination of the Indians.—*Norristown Herald*.

IT is curious to note how a flaming new silk handkerchief will struggle up from the deepest breast-pocket into the light of day and linger there, while the soiled cotton one skulks at the bottom, making only now and then a hasty sally into the open air.—*Rochester Express*.

A MAN in St. John, N. B., bought two barrels of potatoes, which were all rotten before he had them a week. They were called "Early Rose" and "Blue Nose," but he changed the names to "Goldsmith Maid" and "Dexter," because they were such fast-rotters.—*Wheeling Leader*.

AN article in an exchange is headed "Where Women Never Go." It is too long to read, but we suppose it is at the dry-goods store that doesn't advertise the largest, cheapest, and best assorted stock of goods in town. It is said some of them never go where they think they may meet a lady better dressed than themselves; but this, no doubt, is slander on the sex.—*Norristown Herald*.

LET US hold on to our obelisk and stand right by the commander, even though we have to shed Egyptian Gorringe generous quantities. We don't care for the obelisk. A nation that supplies itself with petrified giants and pre-Adamic human fossils to order, can make better obelisks for itself than Egypt ever saw; but we don't propose to be beat out of an obelisk by a race of people who sleep eighteen hours a day and wear their hair like a picture in the Bible-dictionary.—*Hawkeye*.

LIZZIE W. FISHER asks in a poem: "If I should die to-night, what would you do?" Liz, that's a very refreshing conundrum for this season. If you should die to-night, it would, of course, necessitate a visit to the coroner in the morning, and then, you know, Liz, we'd have to buy you new clothes to wear in the other place, and a minister with great lantern-jaws would stand over you and say good things. Then we'd have to hire carriages, you know, and times are very hard, and money isn't very plentiful. A first-class funeral costs about \$150, Liz; so don't for the world think of going off suddenly. Wait until the peach season is over and things look a little better for speculation.—*New York Express*. [Previously credited by mistake to *Burlington Hawkeye*.]



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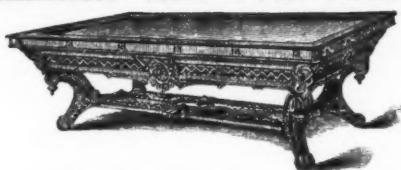
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Read his advertisement and send for his Illustrated Newspaper, Holiday Edition, before you purchase.



Who is this man Courtney Hanlan the papers are all speaking about? Was he elected or not? *Oil City Derrick.*

The difference between one man and another is not so much in talent as in ability to get credit at a clothing store.—*Oil City Derrick.*

SHOULD the people of Leadville ever run short of bullet material, they might start a crematory and sift the ashes.—*Rochester Express.*

How is that lone Lorne widower getting on up at Ottawa. We don't hear much about him. Is he kilt entirely?—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

WILKINS is sure there are persons that it is not safe to hold out the olive branch of peace to, unless you have a club in the other hand.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

THE newly elected Governor of New York is of age, but Roscoe Conkling wants it understood that he doesn't intend relinquishing his claim as guardian.—*Phila. Kronicle Herald.*

PRINCESS LOUISE went on deck only three times. It is supposed that she employed her time below almost exclusively in staring at handsome pictures. The knowing will know why.—*Rochester Express.*

"BUT."—Gen. Hooker, called "fighting Joe Hooker," also died suddenly last week. He was a prominent officer in the late war, but an honorable, humane and truthful man.—*Unreconstructed Charlotte (S. C.) Democrat.*

IF a man wishes to do himself justice at a photographer's, he shoul' have his picture taken in a pleasant frame of mind.—*New York Mail.* That would make the camera abscurer than ever, in your case.—*Hackensack Republican.*

"POROUS plasters were marked down to fifteen cents by a Danbury druggist yesterday. This is much cheaper than an undershirt, to say nothing about the saving in washing. Besides, you always know where it is."—*Danbury News.*

THE newspapers are marvelling at a clergyman who resigned a \$10,000 pulpit in New York to accept a \$3,000 salary in Massachusetts. Probably the church which asked him to resign don't marvel so much.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*

A CABLE dispatch from Constantinople says: "It is expected that the Sultan will shortly issue a hatt," etc. It is suspected that the Sultan lost a "hatt" on the Pennsylvania election—but what a ridiculous way to spell hat!—*Norristown Herald.*

YOU never see a woman button anything that she can pin, and you never see a man pin anything that he can tie with a string. You would have trouble making some men believe that they couldn't tie a button-hole into a wristband with a piece of twine-string.—*Hawkeye.*

LITTLE three-year-old, looking out of the window, saw a lady of Indian extraction go by. "It is a squaw," said his mother. "Then," said little three-year-old, after a pause of reflection, "there must be some Indian summer around here? Whereupon he was put to bed."—*Buffalo Express.*

MRS. HITIPPIBOB was in fearful distress the other evening. "Oh, dear!" she cried, "my new hat is spoiled, utterly ruined! The rim is all flattened out and the crown robbed of all its wavy capriciousness! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" But her grief was suddenly turned to joy when she discovered it was only John's hat; after all. It looked all right to him. What is hat for the gander is not hat for the goose.—*Boston Transcript.*

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